

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO
Pay the Printer
WHAT THEY HAVE LONG OWED HIM.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1895.

Perhaps Your Subscription has
Long Been Due
Notice the Date Opposite Your Name.

VOL. XXI.

NO. 42.

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-famous S.S.S. was used. S.S.S. is the only cure for all blood diseases. S.S.S. is the only cure for all blood diseases. S.S.S. is the only cure for all blood diseases.

S.S.S.

One bottle of S.S.S. will cure all blood diseases. S.S.S. is the only cure for all blood diseases. S.S.S. is the only cure for all blood diseases.

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J. H. WHITE

DENTIST

DENTIST

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DENTIST

DENTIST

DENTIST

REPUBLICAN CHARGES.

THEY ARE MANFULLY REFUTED BY AUDITOR NORMAN.

Does not Mince Words—Records of His Office Open to Representative Persons—Not Required by Law.

FEW VERY PERTINENT STATEMENTS

(From Courier-Journal, Thursday, October 11.)

Auditor Norman was at the Democratic headquarters yesterday busy with the duties of the campaign. The attacks that have been made on the Auditor recently by newspaper correspondents, and which have been taken up by Republican speakers on the stump, relative to his alleged refusal to allow the minutes of the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners to be inspected, and also to his connection with matters of prison management, do not seem to have disturbed the Auditor much. When asked for the facts about this matter, Auditor Norman said:

"I had not been inclined to notice these statements, coming from an irresponsible source, but it is due to the people of the State that the facts as to these matters should be plainly stated, and I hope it is not forgotten, in considering any charge of a failure of duty on my part, that I am under bond of \$500,000 for the faithful discharge of my duties."

"As to the statement that I have refused access to the records of my office," continued the Auditor, "under the law these books and records are open at all times to inspection of the Governor, and are subject to investigation by the legislature, through its committees. By the act creating the office of State Inspector and Examiner, it is also made his duty to be present at every monthly settlement made between the Auditor and Treasurer, and to inspect every item of account, and to report the facts to the Governor. For the past four years this duty has been carefully discharged by this officer, and his reports are on file in the Governor's office. No intelligent man in the State can doubt for an instant that, if anything not strictly in compliance with the law had been found in either office, the facts would have been at once made public. It is not true that I have at any time declined to allow an inspection of the records of my office whenever desired by any reputable citizen of the Commonwealth, although not required to do so by the letter of the law."

"Owing to constant misrepresentations and abuse of the Commercial, the reporter of this paper, who had deliberately lied as to what was shown by the records, was told at my instance that he must ask specifically for what he wanted, and that a certified copy of any or all the records of the office he desired to have would be furnished him. To this communication I received the following response:

"'Maj. L. C. Norman, Auditor, City.—Dear Sir: I would like to have copies of all minutes of Sinking Fund meetings where Mason & Ford business was concerned, and where Hendrick and Hale. Thanking you in advance since you offer to furnish these copies in lieu of allowing me to copy them from the books, I am very respectfully,

"D. Hendrick, Rep. Comm."

"Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 23, 1895."

"Also those minutes containing copies of Mason & Ford contracts with State, especially for the chair factory."

"Copies of the records were immediately made, and, although the correspondent was notified, he has so far declined to receive them."

"To show more fully the utter disregard of the truth shown by these people, I need only to call attention to some of the statements sent to this paper by its correspondent at Frankfort. This correspondent says, with the records before him, that General Hendrick, Major Hale and myself voted for the contract made with the present contractors for the output of the chair plant at the Frankfort penitentiary, and that the Governor and Captain Hendley voted against it. The records show that the vote was recorded in the minutes, and that General Hendrick and I voted against making the contract, and that Governor Brown, Captain Hendley and Major Hale voted for it. The animals in this line in the fact that it was desirable to show at all hazards our partiality for these gentlemen, even when the facts were just the reverse of what was stated, as two of these contractors had been sub-leases of the

Mason & Ford Company, and one of those two the secretary and treasurer of that corporation. I opposed the contract because it gave these gentlemen what I deemed then and now an undue advantage of the State.

"The correspondent endeavors to convey the impression that I have failed in my duty to the State in the matter of the Mason & Ford Company contracts, but carefully conceals the fact that all these contracts were made before I became auditor, and that I had no connection whatever with making them. He examined the records of a suit in the Franklin Circuit Court, and states that I, as auditor, by accepting a payment from the Mason & Ford Company, as authorized and directed by the Board of Sinking Fund Commissioners, during Governor Buckner's term, had prevented the State from receiving interest on the State claim against said company, when the judgment in the case, found in the same record, shows that the court gave judgment for the interest. He says that I illegally allowed a claim of \$2,000 to said company, and the same record shows that this was litigated and the court held that it had been legally paid by me.

"He says the State's claim for rewards for escaped convicts had been prejudiced by my action, in what way I am at a loss to understand, yet the court gave a judgment for the same claim.

"He says I wanted to allow the claim for \$14,000 for broken stone to masonize interior of the prison at Eddyville, when the records show that this claim was never at any time before the board; that I testified that I did not believe it was within the power of the board to incur such an expenditure, and the judgment of the court refusing to allow it as offset in the case of the State vs. Mason & Ford Company sustained by my contention on this point.

"He says that I broke up the Emancipation meeting, when he knew that to be absolutely false, as will appear from the statements of the citizens of that place published at the time.

"I may say that these are fair examples of what has been written and published in this paper by its correspondent, and say nothing of its slanderous and libelous utterances, and indicate their purpose to slander and malign any Democrat who they think stands in the way of Republican success.

"In this connection I desire now, once for all, to say that the fullest information has always been, and always will be, given to any citizen of this State who may apply for it, touching any and all matters connected with my office, and that any statement to the contrary is absolutely and unqualifiedly untrue. These statements of the Commercial have been made solely for political purposes, and are in line with the character of personal vituperation and slander that has filled its columns from the inception of this campaign.

"I may be pardoned for saying that I can not descend to the level of these people; that matters touching the moral character of their candidate have been repeatedly offered me and always declined; that I have been assured that a call at the Treasury Department in Washington would show that some of these would-be critics live in exceedingly cheap houses, but the ways of the politician are not my ways, and I trust that every decent, honest man in the State may rest a seal of his disapproval on their mode of warfare in November."

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life.

Mr. Thomas, 389 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results of which there are samples that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at the drug stores of Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

A Kentuckian Broke the Record.

(Covington Commonwealth.)

They held a meeting in Cincinnati last week, did the members of the Ministerial Association, and between the opening hymn and the doxology the brethren related their experiences at the old home place where their vacations had been spent. Some were from the forests and the lakes of Maine and others from the Granite State; Massachusetts contributed her quota of wit and piety; the orange groves of Florida had a number and the Golden Coast had representatives. And old Kentucky was represented.

The stories told were of the best and sometimes there came a queer sort of rhythm in the relating, and mystic eyes told, though beads were gray and white hairs, thin and long, spoke of a nearing of the end of the journey and the opening of the doors of that other Home-Place where all hopes were centering, that hearts were still young and memories green.

But the stories went on until a Kentuckian broke the record, as Kentuckians always do, and took home the blue ribbon.

Said brother Crouch: "Brethren, you've all been at your homes and God's blessings be on you and all who are dear to you, whether at the old home or scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But I have been home, too. Home, where the skies are brighter, the air sweeter, where the waters

sparkle with a brighter radiance and the Almighty's seal of approbation has been set and no man can fail to recognize it.

"Brethren, I'm talking of Old Kentucky. Why, let me tell you that Gov. Brown about six weeks ago pardoned a man out of the penitentiary on condition that he would leave the State and come to Ohio; I'm not certain about that part of it, but anyway the man was to leave Kentucky. Well, brethren, last week the Governor was sitting at his desk when the man walked in and said, 'Governor, I'm the man you pardoned a short time ago on condition that I would leave Kentucky and stay away. I can't do it, Governor. Here I am, I've come back to the penitentiary for I'd sooner be in Old Kentucky even though it must be inside her penitentiary than live in freedom in any other State.' Send me back. Here I am; lock me up."

And the brethren joined in the doxology with a zeal not diminished by a smile that had wreathed their faces at the true story Brother Crouch had told.

Hardin Will Win.

(Kentucky New Era.)

In spite of the exceedingly unfair and unjust attempt to make the Democratic impression that Hardin is a silver metalist and opposed to the genuine Democratic system of the use of both gold and silver as honest and sound money, he will win by a handsome majority. The Democratic platform is a declaration for the use of both gold and silver as sound standard money, and Hardin stands upon the platform.

The following editorial from the pen of Daniel O'Sullivan, the brilliant editor of the Louisville Critic, is worthy of the careful perusal of every Democrat in Kentucky:

"There is nothing in the political situation to discourage Democrats. The temper of the Louisville public does not reflect the feeling of the people of the country districts. Gen. Hardin did not face an audience here that, at the best, would only grant him a respectful hearing. His views on the financial question made it impossible for them to give him the hearty support that he was entitled to as the Democratic nominee. The view he expressed at the Auditorium did not suit the gold standard men, and there are many of them in this city. The bankers and business men of Louisville, nearly without exception, are opposed to the position taken by Gen. Hardin, and they are anxious to give evidence of their displeasure at the polls.

"So after all, the situation is no worse in Louisville than it would have been had there never been a joint debate here. This city is in danger of being lost to the Democrats by reason of the perfidious and dishonorable course taken by some of the Democratic press. The Democratic of Kentucky must make their arrangements to win without Louisville.

"On the other hand, throughout the State, Gen. Hardin has met with favor everywhere. He has redeemed the promise made by his friends. He has stood true to his convictions, has defended his party eloquently and bravely, has given the Republicans as good as they sent, and in every way has shown his capacity to lead the party to victory. He has succeeded in arousing the Democrats in the various districts. They see the necessity of voting the straight ticket, and the mere thought of the Republicans gaining control of the State government has filled them with determination to win.

"The Critic believes that Gen. Hardin will win his race by not less than 30,000 majority, even if Louisville goes Republican. The promise of Democratic ascendancy never looked better than it does to-day."

Your remedies are taking well here. Sold all on a guarantee and not a bottle or package has been returned. Some say they can see better after using Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve than they could before their eyes ever became sore. Please ship as soon as convenient, as I need the goods.

Yours, T. J. WILLIAMS, Drug Store, Hartford, Ky.

For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky.

Are Animals Immortal?

The Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, rector of the Church of the Holy Spirit, Kingston, N. Y., has just completed the organization of a bureau of animal psychology or biopsichism, having as its executive staff Mr. Adams, Eugene Field, of Chicago; John Burroughs, of West Park, Henry Abbey, of Kingston and Eugene Glass, the editor of The Dog Fancier at Battle Creek, Mich.

The object of the bureau is to collect evidence to show that the lower animals may possess the same faculties that man possesses; to show that the lower animals may be immortal; to show that all the arguments that go to prove man's immortality also prove the immortality of others sentient beings. The evidence will be sought by correspondence and observation.

Although the organization is but a week old, there are already nearly two hundred members who have signed their names as members of the bureau.

OLD PEOPLE.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitter. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other injurious ingredients, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitter is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at the drug stores of Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Beaver Dam.

JESSE JAMES, OUTLAW.

INCIDENTS ATTENDING HIS KILLING IN MISSOURI

Character of the Bandit's Wife—Scheme of Some Kansas City Boomers—His Brain Removed.

A FEW UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVES

(Washington Post.)

Jesse James was a law-abiding tenant of a modest little frame cottage that peeped over the edge of a high bluff down upon the smoking house of St. Joseph, Mo., and the English title of mad Missouri, when on that fatal day in April, 1882, Bob Ford's pistol brought him low as he stood on a chair in his front parlor darning a picture frame. The writer happened to be attached to one of the local papers at the time, and it developed upon him to describe the tragedy in all its details for the delectation of a large circle of readers.

The remains of the most noted bandit in American history had just been taken to an undertaking establishment, where it was strapped upon a board, set against the wall and exposed to the focus of a photographer's camera. The face even in death, covered by a straw-colored beard, which did not conceal the determined jaw, was a handsome face, which had grown rigid in death with a look of defiance frozen upon it. It was anything but a bad face; reckless, perhaps, in its predominant expression, but with nothing to indicate brutality or natural cruelty.

One of the most interesting characters connected with the events of that period was Mrs. James, the bandit's wife, a small woman of about 35, who had once been handsome and was still well preserved, with a quiet, shrinking disposition and a great deal of refinement. She had been a school teacher near the home of the Jameses, and as most of the farmers in the vicinity of the homestead, where Mrs. Zoraida Samuels, the mother of the boys, resided, believed that the boys had been grossly abused by the authorities, civil and military, it was not unnatural that this pretty school teacher, reasoning as little as most women do in such cases, should become the bandit's bride and the mother of his children. Perhaps, what moral influence Jesse absorbed during his active career came alone from this little woman, to whom he seems to have been thoroughly devoted. Few women could have shown a more sincere grief over their bereavement than she did.

She was rolling bread in the kitchen on the day of the assassination when the cowardly shot was fired. From her own lips the writer learned the particulars of the last hours of the bandit. Jesse, she said, never moved about even in the house without his brace of pistols. That morning, before breakfast, he had passed out to the stable, through the kitchen, where she was preparing the meal for the tenants of the house, consisting of Jesse, the Ford boys, herself and children, and soon after returned and walked into the front room, where the Fords were. He threw off his coat, unstrapped his pistols, and cast them on the bed. Then he moved a chair to the opposite side of the wall, picked up a feather duster, and stepped on the chair to dust the picture.

According to the statement of the Fords, made to the writer in the county jail, this was the opportunity they had long been waiting for. It was the first time that Jesse had laid aside his revolver since they had entered the household. The boys, who had come from the vicinity of the Samuels homestead and had taken part in some minor depredations of a range of horse thieves, had represented themselves to Jesse as being compelled to keep under cover for a while, and appealed to him to extend the hospitality of his home to them until matters had blown over. As soon as the bandit stepped on the chair Bob gave his brother the sign, and both pulled their pistols simultaneously. Bob firing his bullet squarely into the base of Jesse's brain, the other reserving his fire in case his brother should miss. Instinctively, as Bob afterward explained, Jesse wheeled around, and his hand made a spasmodic pass for his hip, where his gun always hung in readiness, as he tumbled from the chair on the floor, a dead man.

Bob was a boy of about 19, with a squatty frame, plump in flesh, a girl's complexion, and two rather handsome brown eyes. He died in Cripple Creek a few years ago like his victim, shot by a miser through the brain in his own dance hall. Charley, the elder brother, died of consumption.

Governor Crittenden, now Consul-General to Mexico, to rid the State of the Jameses, had offered a reward for Jesse and Frank, dead or alive. With what the railroad companies offered the reward amounted to about \$10,000. This had been the incentive of the act.

On hearing the shot in the front room Mrs. James dropped her rolling pin, and found Jesse lying on the floor, gasping his last, and saw his assassin walking out the front door. Had she supposed that they were her husband's murderers she would probably have seized the pistols on the bed and fired after them; but in the first excitement she did not think of that. The Fords walked down to the Western Union telegraph office and sent a dispatch to the Governor, briefly announcing that they had shot Jesse James, and claim-

ing the reward. The receiving clerk, who read the dispatch over, was the first man in town to receive an inkling of what had occurred. Bob here drew out his revolver, opened the chamber, threw out the empty cartridge, and replaced it with another. The cartridge shell fell on the floor, and as soon as they left the office the clerk eagerly picked it up, as though it had been a \$100 note.

Bob and Charley Ford walked straight from the telegraph office to the office of City Marshal Enos Craig, and gave themselves up. The news of Jesse James' death spread like wild-fire, and the officers were soon in charge of the body, while the Fords were locked up in the county jail, where they held a perfect levee. A coroner's jury found that the deceased, Jesse James, had come to his death by a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of Robt. Ford. His brother was held as his accessory.

Not since the early days, when St. Joseph was the westernmost point of the pony express for Sacramento, did the city attract such attention as after the death of the noted Missouri bandit. Every train was bringing in loads of excursionists, wanting to see the body. Before it was removed, arrangements were made to expose it in state, in a private room belonging to the undertaker, and there thousands upon thousands of people passed in line by the coffin, in which all that was mortal of Jesse was gathered. Mrs. Samuels, a large, raw-boned, masculine woman, from whom the boys doubtless inherited their disposition, arrived early on the scene. She was soon in a quarrel with Sheriff Timberlake, of Kansas City, for whom she had very little liking, and who, acting for a number of Kansas City boomers, was determined to shift the scene of general interest to St. Joseph to Kansas City.

Mrs. James was a woman of a retiring disposition, shrinking from the notoriety which the assassination of her husband had given her, and to whom she had been always been repulsive. Her children had been brought up in ignorance of their father's character, and young Jesse afterward entered the law office of Governor Crittenden, after the expiration of his term in Kansas City, as messenger, and was known as a boy of gentlemanly behavior and good morals.

It was the writer who suggested to Mrs. James to realize on her household effects by holding a public auction. These effects consisted of only the ordinary comforts of a home. The front room floor, in which the murder had occurred, was covered with a rug carpet, and the other rooms were not carpeted at all. The wood furniture and beds were cheap. If the bandit had acquired a fortune by his operations it was not evidenced by the surroundings, and which he had lived in St. Joseph. The auction attracted a large crowd of curious people, but noted the widow merely a small sum. To those who had befriended her she gave such souvenirs as they chose to select, and the writer in this way secured the rolling pin, which had dropped from her hands at the sound of the report of the pistol, and a small pet dog which Jesse used to fondle when he played with the children, which afterward found its way to an auction store in Springfield, Ill., and attracted almost as much interest as if it had been the bandit himself.

When the jury in the case returned a verdict of murder against the Ford boys, Judge Sherwood, of the Circuit Court, a Republican, in a few words sentenced them to be hanged. They were remanded to the county jail, passing through the crowd of sight-seers in the custody of the sheriff, joking and laughing at their fate, aware that they had nothing to fear. The trial had taken place within a few days of the tragedy, and they stayed in jail a day or so longer when the Governor's messenger arrived with their pardon. They were again arraigned to hear the pardon read, and were then told that they were free.

A great deal of bitter feeling had been engendered by the ruthless method which they had employed to remove their victim, and it was feared that Frank or one of the Jameses sympathizers would shoot them on sight. It was evident that the boys also as they were liberated left the town without stopping to carry out their threat that their first act on being discharged would be to call at the office of one of the morning papers and shoot the writer for his denunciation of their cowardice.

Look for the Central Hotel!

When you get off the train at Horse Branch; just opposite depot and connected by platform. All trains meet promptly day and night. Rates \$1.00 per day. S. D. Morgan, Proprietor.

Remarkable Record.

(Historian in Miscellaneous Independent.)

"Pecos has ten victories as well as war." Now that the fess and show of the G. A. R. is over, for the sake of history and a lesson to the future generations, let us reason together for a moment. In the Courier Journal of Monday, September 3, 1895, there was account of a reunion and celebration of '44' unfortunate that were the bane in the prison South, at Jeffersonville, Ind. Before me are letters from the wardens of the Kentucky 'Pen' giving in detail the number of convicts in prison, representing the two sides. At Eddyville there are forty-three prisoners who claim service on one side or the other, forty-two Federals and one Confederate. At Frankfort, seventy-six prisoners, all of the Federal side, and not one

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

from the Confederate army. The question naturally comes before us: Are the old soldiers of the lost cause more orderly and abiding citizens, or are our jurists more lenient to the boys that were the gray than the other side? This is a remarkable showing when we remember that Kentucky furnished as many troops for the Southern army as she did for the Federal side. When our boys, footsore and tired, returned to their impoverished and desolate homes they went to work with a will born of a heroism proven on many a battlefield, with no thought or hope of a pension, but a strong desire for peace and an unconquerable will to make a living for themselves.

Amid the great army of tramps and beggars you never see a Confederate soldier, though we have many disabled and crippled men. Yet they are all self-supporting and an honor to their country. Can history point to such another parallel case? No wonder the honest boys in blue say they love to take the hands of Johnny Reb, for he represents God's noble work, an honest man, and has proved himself a soldier and hero, both in war and in peace.

I would not detract or blot out from the pages of history 'any of the honor or glory the soldiers in blue deserve, but long after the rank weeds of neglect have over the graves of our true heroes, let history be just and weave the chaplet and bestow the crown where it justly belongs. To-day the old rebel stands as grand as he did at the beginning of hostilities, with no apology to offer; nothing to take back, no regrets to offer, but an abiding faith in that Providence that governs nations as He governs individuals.

JANUARY 18, 1895.

E. E. SUTHERLAND MEDICINE COMPANY.—Find herewith our check in full. Ship us one dozen 50c size, two dozen 75c size and one dozen 81c size of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Ship at once, as we only need a few more to complete our order. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is a fine seller and gives good satisfaction.

Truly, Y. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO., Drugstore, Hartford, Ky.

Political Dyspepsia.

The dyspeptic rot from the pens of the two alleged leading Democrats of Louisville, Boyd Winchester and Jack Atherton, which has been inflicted upon the readers of several Louisville newspapers, and sickened every good Democrat in Kentucky, is spoken of by the Louisville Times in the following pointed manner:

"Those physical and political dyspepsia of the Appendix Club, Messrs. J. M. Atherton and B. Winchester, marched out of the Democratic ranks in six solid newspaper columns, with drum beating, bugles blowing, leaving behind them vacancies that a couple of two dollar substitutes can fill as nicely as the fatted calf fills the bicycle house. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, with the preacher and all the people cry 'Amen.'"

"Now that 'Loyale' Atherton and 'Me Too' Winchester have strengthened their friends by going over in ponderous columns to the enemy, there is nothing to prevent the battle proceeding."

GENTS:—I write this letter because I believe you have made a discovery in a cough, cold, throat and lung remedy that the people ought to have. I refer to Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. I have thoroughly tested it and know its wonderful merits. It cures any cough who ever needs a remedy of this kind should never be without a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey.

J. M. FORTER, Glass and Queensware, Paducah, Ky.

For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky.

To the Voters of Ohio County.

Fellow Citizens:—I am before you as the Populist candidate to represent Ohio county in the Lower House, and am asking the suffrage of every honest producer of wealth. If elected, I pledge myself to work for the best interests of Ohio county, and will look after and guard your interests to the best of my ability. I promise also, that my vote for United States Senator shall go to that candidate whom I think will best subserve the great majority of Kentuckians on the currency question, viz: The enactment of a law for the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1. No one will appreciate your vote more than myself. Respectfully, J. P. MILLER.

Thousands of Women

SUFFER UNDER MISERIES.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR,